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"New Sounds For An Old Town"

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* You've seen them on Home Box Office. You've heard their excellent Christmas single on the radio. If you've caught their act at Norma Jean's then you know why The Krayolas are the best pop band to ever come out of Texas since Christopher Cross.

THE BUS BOYS 5

* The Bus Boys offer tongue-in-cheek rock-n-roll that pokes fun at black stereotypes, breaks through color lines, and takes swipes at the collective social conscience. Steppinfetchit becomes Chuck Berry.

NEW WAVE 6 IN ALAMO TOWN

* Heavy Metal has always had the upper hand in S.A., but there are other types of musicians in the city who are trying to express a newer different sound. There is also, as unlikely as it seems, an audience here for just the type of music that is being offered by these "new wave" bands. Don't touch that dial!

JOE "KING" 9 CARRASCO

* Everything you hear and read about the King is true. You couldn't make up a crazy guy like Carrasco. Joe symbolizes what real gut-feeling rock'n'roll is all about. So let's go back to those thrilling days of yesteryear for the further adventures of Joe "King" Carrasco.

HEART OF THE CITY 11

* Jim Beal is hard at work again sniffing out Claude Morgan's trail, searching for the secret of the lost Cosmic Cowboy mine, chatting with people like The Rat Race Kid, The Wild Jalapeno and Moondog. If you think these folks might be weird wait till you see Jim!

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* This time we feature some oldies but goodies concerts for you, in case you ever wondered whatever happened to whoever. We feature Mitch Ryder, Canned Heat, Shawn Phillips, plus Styx.



The Bus Boys' Rhythm'n'Wave

by Robbin Cresswell



Bus Boys here to serve you.



The Bus Boys are:
Brian O'Neal—keyboards/vocals
Kevin O'Neal—bass/vocals
Gus Loudermon—vocals
Mike Jones—keyboards/vocals
Victor Johnson—guitar
Steve Felix—drums

Now, here's a group of five blacks, plus one Chicano (ranging in age from 18 to 24), for whom rock & roll has always been the music of choice; who have thought to ask, "Why not?," and proceeded to answer that question in remarkable fashion on their debut album, *Minimum Wage Rock & Roll*. The Bus Boys will tell you they've come together to reclaim their own music.

James Brown was his cousin, Little Richard was his friend,
Lord only knows where this story began
His mother says she doesn't know where she went wrong
He was raised in the church singin' all week long
Oh Johnny, can you tell me what made you lose control?
... Johnny soul'd out . . .
He's into rock & roll and he'd given up the rhythm & blues . . .
—from "Johnny Soul'd Out"

The Bus Boys came together, musically and conceptually, in Los Angeles during 1979 after working as a unit in various forms over the last six years. While developing musically, the musicians had to support themselves at such jobs as driving school buses and Wonder Bread trucks (all except for newest member Victor Johnson, who was leading a relatively pastoral existence playing Deep Purple guitar licks in the Colorado mountains). At one point, present drummer Steve Felix (the group's lone non-black) flunked an audition with the pre-Bus Boys because his style was "too rock & roll" for the band. More recently, the collective ears of the band began to open up.:

"I was tired of the programmed beat and the programmed music," explains Brian O'Neal, the band's leader, "and with how much slickness had infiltrated R&B. It was like the Peter Principle — that vein had been exhausted. The disco sales thing was like selling hula hoops. At that point, '78-'79, the rock & roll thing just really hit me. So the direction of the group was just a natural reaction to all that. I heard the stuff coming from overseas, and with certain artists you could really feel it. I can remember seeing the Sex Pistols on TV and saying 'Whoa!' Some artists are so dynamic that whatever medium they choose, their spirit comes at you. So that inspired me; it made other stuff seem like vaudeville in comparison."

"So that was the source of the musical direction. As for the concept, we had to decide whether we would present ourselves as a 'black rock & roll band,' with the significance that that idea had. It seemed like an allowable idea. It could've happened earlier, but it couldn't have happened as easily."

Rather than whitewashing their presentation, the Bus Boys called upon individualistic black role models such as Jimi Hendrix and Sly & The Family Stone, then seasoned that outrageousness of spirit with touches of black roots rock artists like Chuck Berry and Little Richard. The resulting concoction, which came to life on the stage of the Whisky in L.A. in December, was at once monolithically familiar and startlingly original. The songs — like "Minimum Wage," "KKK," "There Goes The Neighborhood" and "Did You See Me" — were pointedly self-revelatory, and the stage antics went right for the throats of the predominantly white audiences.

"I realize now," Brian continues, "that when we started waving our hands in that mock-patronizing way, that could be seen as giving our audience the finger. But hey, we're cop-

ping to and enjoying the fact of all that idiomatic stuff. And I don't feel derogatory about that because it was a real experience — we can all be entertained by it now. Besides, I can say all that stuff and bug my eyes out and act like Stepin Fetchit, because it's my job and I'm getting ready to make big money. I'll make you pay to see that. I'm not just using that exploitation of self for money: when you look at the total context, we're obviously black guys coming out to play rock & roll. Rather than hide about it, I'll take the issue directly in hand and I'll make you laugh at it in the first place — but I'm good. That's just one way to get your attention.

"One thing I'm proud of is, yes, this is new music and it's exciting and this is the real thing; and I don't think it's necessarily any more authentic than the Stones or The Who or yada-yada group, but it's definitely not any less so. Because this music was born here, nurtured here, and the things that influenced it most and affect it most and make it what it is are really a part of the American spirit. It's not just a racial issue, it's an American issue. And the Bus Boys are an American rock & roll band. Nothing more and nothing less. —RNR

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S.A.'S

BRAVE NEW MUSIC

by Ron Young

The term New Wave is perhaps 'old hat' by now but as it applied three years ago to the now fully-ripened English and New York rock scenes it directly applies to San Antonio's out-of-date scene. New life is probably a more appropriate term because that's exactly what this new crop of local bands are offering our stagnant rock'n'roll atmosphere.

The new wave of bands in S.A. play a fresh style of rock'n'roll. They have a different look about them. And the songs they write and sing (for the most part) deal with subjects other than dope, sex and breaking the law, unlike the overabundance of ersatz heavy metal outfits that continue playing the local clubs.

We've done stories on some of the local 'new music' performers in the past, most recently Rudy Harst and his Tex-Mex-reggae synthesis, Claude Morgan and the Blast's wave-injected oldies and originals format, Mannequin's socially-concerned beyond the fringe style of rock music, and The Vandals who are grads of the aggressive punk school of new wave. Including The Rejects, The Vamps and Skeptiks this handful of musicians is perhaps the crest of the new wave of garage-band bands. Some, like The Vamps and Mannequin, have been around for close to five years but perhaps only now is the time right for San Antonio audiences to accept them on their own terms.

The new wave movement is by now fully five years old since it began in New York with The Ramones and in England with The Sex Pistols and The Clash. One year later Austin was into high gear and the flux of new wave bands was perhaps only second in the nation to the New York scene. But this new music has never really caught on with the majority of S.A.'s rock audience despite the fact that this mag has long championed the new wave.

The reasons why new wave music has been a stalled effort here are several; the major factor being KISS radio's long-time stranglehold on pubescent ears when Joe Anthony reigned supreme and heavy metal bands like AC/DC and Judas Priest dominated the air waves. Despite KISS's recent effort to change its format to attract a wider and older (i.e., money spenders) audience by playing more Moody Blues than Ted Nugent S.A. still remains the heavy metal mecca of the world. But even with the new format there's no new wave music being played which would stimulate interest in new artists. (More on S.A. radio next issue.)

Another reason for our never-changing scene is due to the lack of a good medium-sized concert hall in which to book NW acts like Elvis Costello or Talking Heads now that the municipal auditorium is gone. And because these type rock acts require a more intimate atmosphere in which to perform the arena would not be a good place to showcase

them. Also, the audience in most cases has not grown to the size that would assure a sell-out either.

The third reason is because club owners don't know much about this new music. What little they do know is probably still connected with the stigma of the punk element of new wave. Because club operators are very conservative when it comes to booking bands many feel that NW is a non-moneymaking experiment at best. So, of course, we have a blight of heavy metal and Urban Cowboy bands who cover the AC/DCs or Willie Nelsons, if not openly ape them, because club owners can feel pretty secure that they'll bring in a crowd.

Many of S.A.'s new music talent have found Austin's thriving club scene to be more accepting than their own and they've gone seventy miles up the road to develop their acts. Skeptiks are one of these bands.

Skeptik (Skep'tik)n. One who habitually questions assertions or generally accepted conclusions.

To Be Normal, But I'm Getting Better Now", or pop diatribes about palsied world leaders who have their fingers on that BIG RED BUTTON these Skeptiks make believers of all who hear them as they play with the same intensity for eight people as they do for 800.

The band has been together about a year now and are most serious about their rock'n'roll. They jokingly refer to themselves as the I-35 band because one member lives in San Antonio, and the others live in Austin, San Marcos and New Braunfels. Committed is what they are.

Asked if he thought Skeptiks and other new wave S.A. bands were saddled with the "punk" stigma Jeff replied, "No, it's all rock'n'roll."

After having finished in second place in a recent Austin battle of the bands Skeptiks were awarded some free recording studio time and they hope to come away with a single. They'll play The Country March 11.

—RNR



These four men (l. to r.—bassist/vocalist Mark Brazle, keyboardist/vocalist Jeff McCord, drummer/vocalist Joe Grist and guitarist/vocalist Scott Jarisch) would like nothing better than to come up with the answers to all the questions concerning the world situation, Iran, Ronald Reagan, the draft, the relation between men and women, and what is normal. But they can only ponder these issues along with you and me while they attempt to get us to shake a leg out on the dance floor to dark-humored original tunes about nerve gas such as "Twitch and Jerk".

"We don't sound like anybody else even though we have many influences," claims Jeff who along with the others state that Skeptiks are their favorite band.

"When we first started we decided that rather than play copies and try to sound like anyone else we'd just work with what we had," says Joe. "Mark, in fact, had no predetermined bass licks (he'd never played bass before joining the group), so we just started our own sound. Our songs are all a collective effort," he adds.

Whether performing witty songs about electricity and the fact that we're all trapped by it, uptempo organ-driven numbers like "I Used

A year ago these three were getting tired of the usual rock bands and thought there had to be something more. "We just got tired of hearing the same topics discussed in songs — money, sex, and drugs," Mark states.

They found out about new wave and found it more suitable to their tastes. It gave them the inspiration to form their own band and write their own songs. Rejects' songs deal with subjects most musicians would scoff at. Mental health is the topic in "EEG" and "Rubber Room". "I Want To Lead A Normal Life" makes fun of other people's preoccupations with trying to sort out their lives unnecessarily. Other titles which appear on their current EP are "Barbed Wire Baby" and "I Hate Your Guts".

The Rejects feel that most of S.A.'s leading rock bands are limited in their originality and play too many cover versions, although they blame it partly on the fans who are too close-minded to listen to something different.

Their two biggest obstacles are being in a punk band in a city in which everyone thinks they will appear onstage in colored Mohawks, vomiting and terrorizing the audience; also their ages.

"People tend to prejudge us before they hear us. Some say, 'You're pretty good — for kids,' says Fred.

Some club owners are surprised when they see who they've booked but it's legal as long as their parents accompany them. After all, they are their punks.—RNR

Skeptiks



Rejects by Clyde Kimsey

by Clyde Kimsey

Out of S.A.'s known New Wave bands, The Rejects are the youngest and the latest to shun traditional rock to experiment with their own powerful, sometimes agitating sound. Denise, who sings, plays bass and writes most of the songs says, "We go out of our way to be different. Our music and lyrics are very straight-forward."

Besides 18-year-old Denise, there are her brother Mark Rubenstein (15) who plays drums, sings and writes; and guitarist/writer Fred Fechter, also 15.

The Rejects





THE VAMPS

by Robbin Cresswell

The Vamps are a high energy six-man band. Members are Matt Cummings, guitar/vocals, Steve McCloy, drums/vocals, Lance McVicker, lead guitar, Frank Pugliese, lead vocals, brother Joe Pugliese, keyboards/vocals and newest member Russ Todora, bass.

The group's first public appearance as the Vamps was January 1979 when they opened for Riot and the Eric Johnson Group. Around San Antonio the band has played at Skipwilly's, Norma Jean's, Our Lady of the Lake and San Antonio College.

Live, the Vamps perform half cover material (Iggy Pop, New York

Dolls, Stones) and half their own songs. Frank writes the lyrics, the rest of the band writes the music and they all share in arranging their material.

Last summer the band recorded four songs at ZAZ Recording Studio, "What's Your Excuse"/"I Need Somebody" and "Carving Knife"/"Too Late". Three originals and one Iggy Pop tune. They packaged two 45's complete with lyric sheet and it's now available on Beehive Records at Record Hole, Apple Records and Flipside.

The Vamps are busy "writing new material and defining our style. We want to play as much as we can", says Joe.

Catch the Vamps on the bill at Skipwilly's April 26. — RNR

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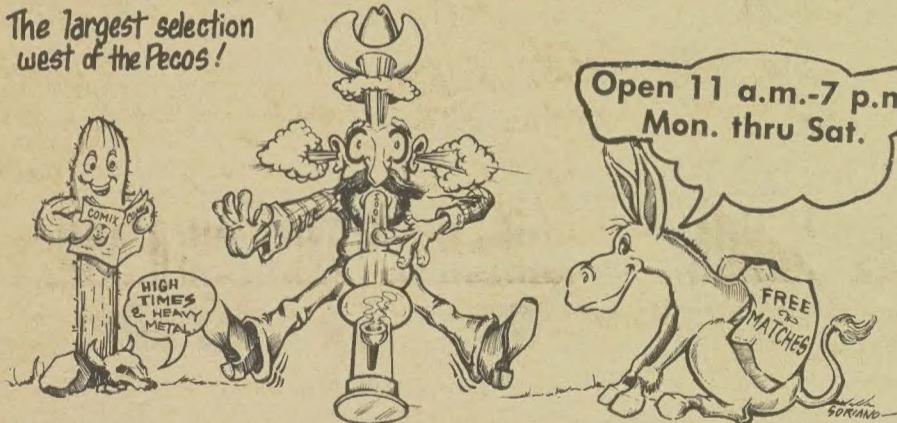
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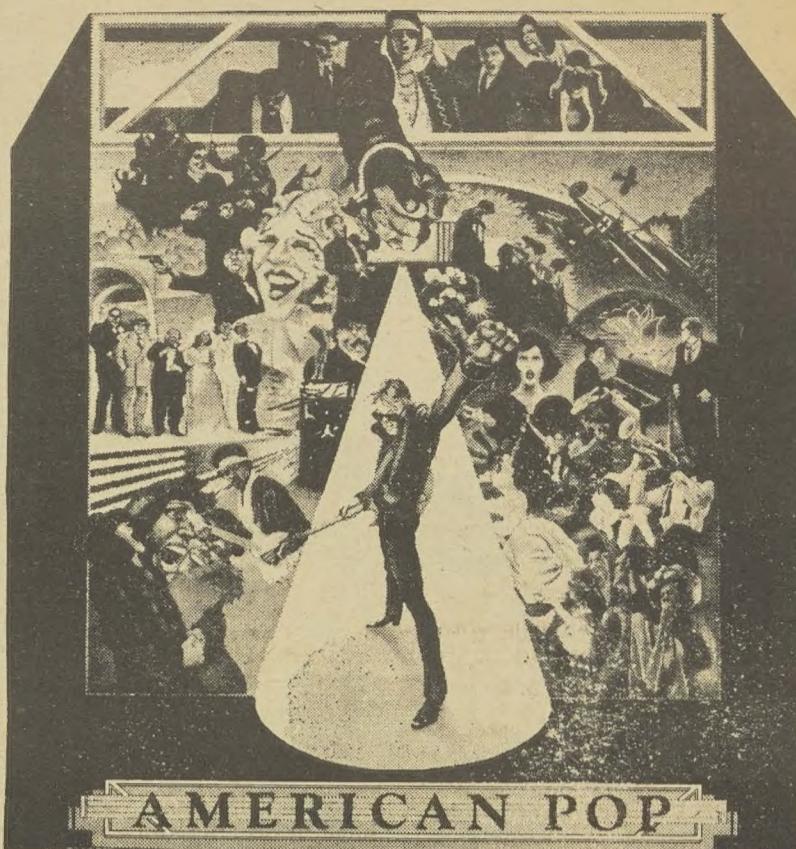


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AMERICAN POP

by Clyde Kimsey

Through the ads and commercials, one would think "American Pop" would be an audio-visual journey through the annals of Rock'n'Roll. Instead, the main focus is on four generations of men aspiring to be stars in the field of music. Each generation gets a little closer to the limelight until the fourth finally makes it in a current day situation.

Through these four men, the film is usually biographical; occasionally switching to scenes depicting the music, dance and events going on at the time. The songs let you know what year it is which is the only thing that saves viewers from being confused at several points.

Throughout the movie we see various glimpses of entertainment such as Burlesque, Vaudeville, '20s Charleston, '40s jazz to the '60s San Francisco sound to punk rock. It's hard to tell if veteran animation

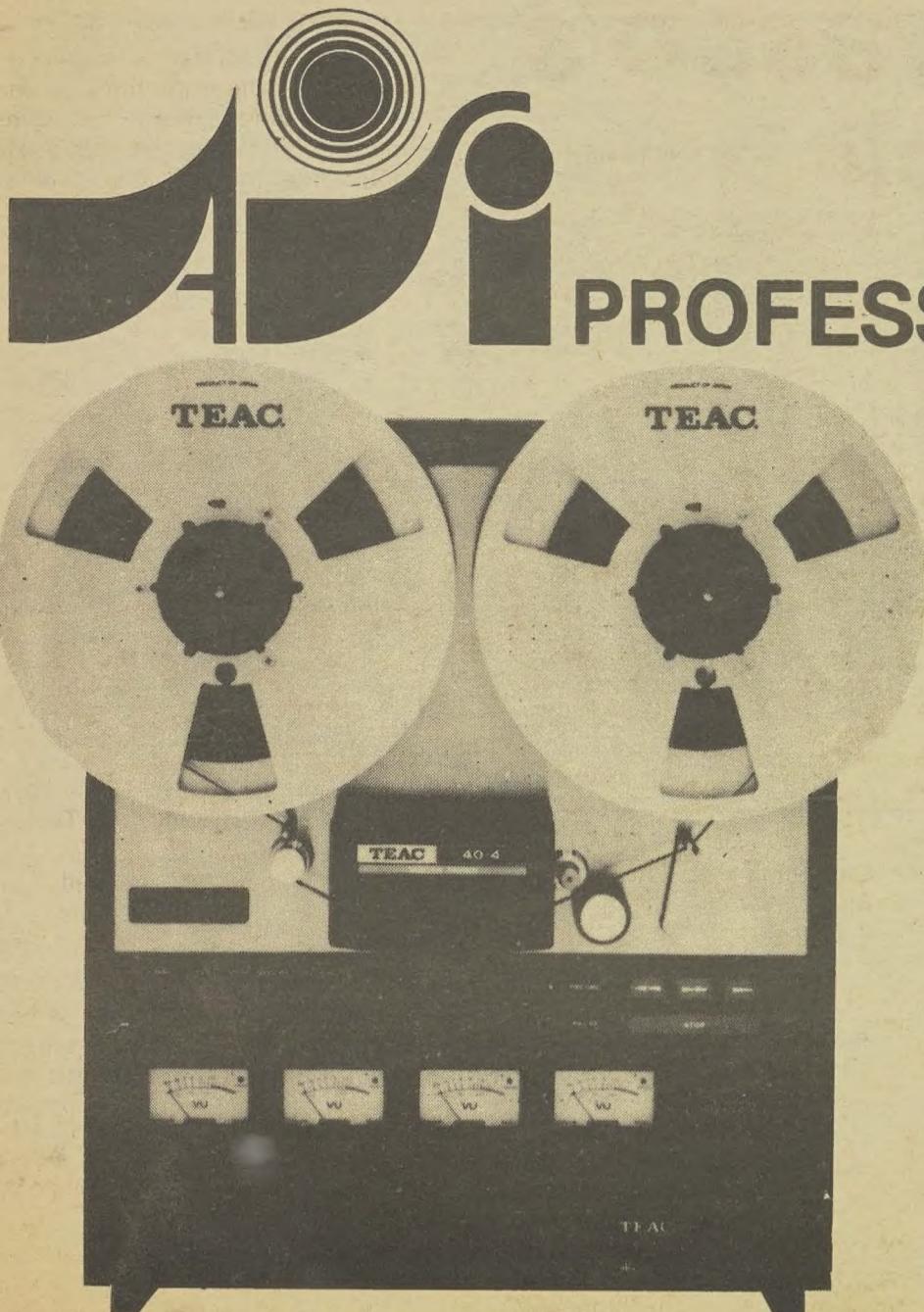
producer Ralph Bakshi wanted to fully trace pop music as well as these four men and their musical ambitions. His characters completely ignore rock'n'roll until 1967 when the third generation starts writing songs for some stereotypical San Francisco hippies. This movie turns out to be simply a fantasy biography that fails to say anything about American Pop and the hows and whys of it. To Bakshi, music is music; it's all show biz. Each generation tries for the top in the same confused manner. We don't know each character's thoughts on his own music and fails to explain each character's ambitions.

The animation is up to Bakshi's usual excellence and the story is interesting but it isn't a pop culture historical timetable which it sometimes seems to want to be. This film has potential that is never fully realized.—RNR

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PROFESSIONAL AUDIO

Joe "King" Carrasco's Guacamole Rock'n'Roll

by Ron Young



Carrasco gets carried away.

Hotter than a jalapeno, faster than the service at Roberta's, able to leap atop his speaker columns in a single bound while playing Chuck Berry riffs with more energy than a nuclear reactor — it's super-mad gabacho Joe "King" Carrasco.

It's Friday the 13th, the kick-off show of the King's Valentine weekend performances at Austin's Clubfoot. The King is doing a duck-walk on my table while I'm frantically scribbling notes on a beer-soaked napkin. What makes this scene even more unbelievable is the fact that my table is on the second floor of the club and Carrasco is at the end of his 60-foot guitar cord. All around me a Beatlemania-sized crowd is foaming at the mouth, mad with fun, while this crazy dude wearing an Imperial Margarine crown and a fire-engineered cape keeps cranking out the riff to Question Mark and the Mysterians' "96 Tears".

But just as suddenly as he had appeared Carrasco was table hopping back down to the stage area where his band, the Crowns, (Kris Cummings, Vox and Farfisa organ; Brad Kizer, bass; Mike Navarro, drums) was furiously pumping the adrenalin machine. The crowd was in even more of a frenzy now because he'd left his guitar onstage to play itself by means of an echoplex while he proceeded to take a swim into a sea of hands ala Bruce Springsteen. After the audience carefully placed him back onstage Carrasco's manager (Joe Nick Patoski), dressed like Svengali in a dinner jacket and turban, attempted to drag his boy offstage in a funny routine inspired by James Brown in his Apollo days. Needless to say, the King came back to give his fans more. After all he'd only played for two hours and he owed them another hour's worth of encores. Pounding out Tex-Mex classics like Buddy Knox's "Party Doll", Sam The Sham and the Pharaoh's "Wooly Bully", "Rene and Rene's "Put Me In Jail" and originals like "Buena", "Let's Get Pretty" and "Caca de Vaca" Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns prove to be the perfect party band and the '80s version of the '60s trash-rock band the Kingsmen.

Backstage, after the show, the King holds court and pandemonium reigns. A sweating Carrasco is sitting on an overstuffed couch strumming a cumbia on his guitar in the midst of several Chicanos who are laughing and bobbing their heads in time to the jaunty rhythm. A tall girl who says she's Joe's numero uno fan has gotten past the stage door guard in order to give Joe her congrats saying that she had to turn on the waterworks to gain entrance. The King remembers her but unfortunately has no JKC T-shirt to give her. Another female gives Joe a T-shirt bearing the phrase "I'm A Ding Dong Daddy From Dumas" (Joe's West Texas birthplace). Apparently she knew him when. When he sees it he gets as excited as a kid at his first Christmas.

One of the men sitting next to Joe is Ben Marines who "taught me everything about Chicano guitar when I played with him in a Mexican band called Salaman. He's the one who named me Carrasco during the time when Fred Gomez Carrasco tried to shoot his way out of Huntsville," Joe explained.

Marines told about how crazy Joe always was and still is and how he trained him to play. "We used to play in deaf bars, you know, and they especially liked cumbias and mambos, things with a lot of rhythm. The club was fixed so when you hit notes the floor would vibrate," Marines went on obviously proud of his former student.

After Carrasco (whose real name is Teutsch) graduated from Salaman and another Mexican band called Shorty and the Corvettes he ambled down to San Antonio and put together his El Molino band. With the West Side Horns that Doug Sahm had used on some of his albums (Charlie McBirney, Frank Rodarte, Rocky Morales, Louie Bustos) as well as Augie Meyers and Speedy Sparks, Carrasco & Co. went into ZAZ studios and recorded "Tex-Mex Rock-Roll" on his own Lisa label. But the record and the experimental group went nowhere and later Carrasco assembled his current band the Crowns.

Everything clicked because suddenly everywhere they played people jammed the dance floor to hear the Crowns' spicy Latin-flavored rock'n'roll. Austin's new wave clubs like Raul's and The Continental Club started booking him more as the pogoers bounced to his beat. After taming Texas Carrasco took off to conquer a jaded New York City. Nuevo Wavo's time had come.

You certainly could say that Carrasco has just finished the Son of Stiff Tour (5 bands, 11 countries in 5 months) — the biggest since Dick Clark's Caravan of Stars during the Fifties) which was filmed and is due for a spring release. He has a new album out of Stiff in Europe and on Hannibal Records in the States. During the tour the Crowns took the time to do some television shows in Spain and Germany. They also recently performed one song on Saturday Night Live. Although the band didn't do that well it was more exposure than ten Rolling Stone articles could've gotten them.

"Well, the band was sick with the Bangkok flu," Joe said in a voice flatter than the West Texas plains. "They only let us do one number but I went crazy on national TV. I rolled all over the floor and nobody's done that before," he said with a glowing smile.



I only read IORNR

"I just got back from Mexico where I came up with some new ideas for songs from sitting around campfires where people just beat logs and sang. I wanna tell stories about Yucatan, the pyramids and all that. Songs about dreams. The new album will have more Chicano influence and Third World rhythms. I'd like to get Rocky Morales and maybe Steve Jordan (the Jimi Hendrix of the accordian) on the record. I might just go down to San Antonio and play a lotta little bitty bars secretly to try out my new stuff. Then we'll probably go over to England to cut our next album in April," Joe explained before pausing to sip some honey for his strained throat.

"Video is where it's at though," he explained. "We just taped an *Austin City Limits* segment that should be shown in April. We did it at the same time Doug Sahm filmed his. Next time we'll be on it together," he sped on.

Joe and the Crowns will again hook up with another Stiff Tour in the summer.

"This whole thing has really gotten cra-a-zy because there's so much goin' on. About the Stiff Tour, there's no money in these gigs. But to go to someplace like Portugal and play for people who've never heard rock'n'roll before and to see them flip out when they hear us; or to do TV in Madrid, that's what makes it all worth it. I wanna spread the Tex-Mex sound everywhere. I wanna sell the U.S.," the King crowed.

After a couple of Texas dates Joe is off for a 2-month tour of the East.

I had chained myself to my typewriter so that I could crank out this story in one Friday night. I had my wife go out for Winchell's donuts and diet Pepsi while the only time I got up was to turn on the TV to catch *Fridays*, that godawful *Saturday Night Live* rip-off whose sole redeeming quality is the musical guests, when the strains of the new Sir Douglas Quintet caught my ear. Doug was prancing around the TV stage mugging the camera like Mick Jagger in heat while the best of the band churned out Augie's Farfisa-driven soulful sound — the very one Joe "King" Carrasco bases his own sound on. Doug has never been a prancer (usually he just stands and plays) but I guess he saw his chance to regain his place in rock'n'roll and he seized the moment. Who could blame him?

Carrasco's success, I'm sure, has triggered this new Sir Doug reunion but he can't be blamed for grabbing onto Carrasco's shirttail. It's just that the old Texican rock'n'roll style that was fathered by Buddy Holly, mid-wived by a strolling mariachi band, and bounced upon Doug Sahm's knee has finally come full circle. Joe "King" calls it Tex-Mex Rock-Roll. Doug calls it Border Wave. Jim Beal, our local scene editor (when we first put Carrasco on our cover two years ago) termed it Nuevo Wavo. But whatever you call it, it's just plain fun. And like the King says, "that's what makes it all worth it." — RNR

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 # 18—Riot, Axe, Crazy Cavan
 # 19—Scorpions, Point Blank, Roky Erikson
 # 20—ZZ Top, '79 Opinion Poll, Kenny Loggins
 # 21—Rush Pt. 1, B.B. King, Rick Derringer
 # 22—Rush Pt. 2, Christopher Cross, John Cale
 # 23—Mahogany Rush, Van Wilks, The Beat
 # 24—Triumph, Grace Slick, 999
 # 27—Fleetwood Mac, Utopia, Sir Douglas Quintet
 # 28—Graham Parker, Michael Schenker, The Lotions
 # 29—Bruce Springsteen, Jumbo, Whitesnake

In Coming Issues

S.A. Radio & The Big Beat,
Rush, Joan Jett, Clubland



CONCERT GUIDE

AUSTIN

- 3/9 — Jimmy Buffett/U. T. Spec. Events Center
 3/9 — Dizzy Gillespie/Hogg Aud.
 3/12 — The Brains/Clubfoot
 3/13 — Mountain/Clubfoot
 3/14 — Chuck Berry/Paramount (2 Shows)
 3/15 — Outlaws/UFO/Muni. Aud.
 3/16 — Toots & The Maytals/Opryhouse
 3/21 — Jim Carroll Band/Clubfoot
 3/25 — Santana/UT Spec. Events Ctr
 3/26 — Christopher Cross/U.T. Spec. Events Ctr.
 3/27 — Steel Pulse/Clubfoot
 3/27 — Point Blank/Opryhouse
 3/31 — U-2/Clubfoot
 4/3 — Eric Clapton/Fabulous Thunderbirds/UT Spec. Events Ctr
 4/4 — .38 Special/Opryhouse
 4/10 — Contortions/Clubfoot
 4/14 — Rush/Max Webster/Muni Aud

SAN ANTONIO

- 3/23 — UFO/Outlaws/Arena
 4/6 — Rainbow/Pat Travers/Arena
 4/11 — Rush/Max Webster/Arena

- Clubfoot, 110 E. 4th, Austin 1-472-4345
 Third Coast, 5555 N. Lamar Austin, 1-454-5011
 Antone's/7934 Great Northern, Austin, Tx., 1-454-0555
 Manor Downs/P.O. Drawer T, Manor, Tx. 78653, 1-272-5581
 Soapcreek Saloon/11306 N. Lamar, Austin, Tx., 1-835-0509
 Spotlight Productions/Austin, Tickets (Clubs Only), 1-441-9191 (Major Shows' Tickets at Joske's)
 U.T. Special Events Center/P.O. Box 2929, Austin, Tx. 78769, 1-477-6060
 JAM Productions/Concert Line, 828-6351
 Stone City/Concert Line, 732-8100

The concert dates and places are subject to change without notice. Please call the promoter, especially if it's an out of town show. We have listed most of the area promoters for you. All information is current as we go to press. Please do not hold us responsible for any changes.



HEART OF THE CITY

by Jim E. Beal, Jr.

A DIZZYING DASH THROUGH A (TEMPORARILY AT LEAST) REJUVENATED LOCAL MUSIC SCENE

It happens sometimes. Maybe it's the planets, maybe temporary insanity. Sometimes the old red tennies don't fit quite as well as the old orange Tony Lama's. Sometimes (though I flirt with blasphemy) The Clash doesn't satisfy like Jerry Jeff Walker. And sometimes the urge to howl at the moon and shoot big holes in barbecue pits comes on s-o-o-o-o strong it won't be denied.

At times like this my soul and my barbecue pits are fortunate old Cosmic Cowboy Survivors like T. Gosney Thornton, Ray Wylie Hubbard and Joe Ely exist. The progressive country craze may have died, but the people didn't. They're still out there criss-crossing the country, telling the truth (mostly), playing their music and hoping the next break will be a good one.

Now you can call the music anything you want. I just call it real and call it up when THE URGE strikes — for it satisfies a hard, loud little kernel deep inside my musical heart.

Call it fate or call it coincidence, but Thornton, Hubbard and Ely, with their respective bands, hit town on successive weekends in January. They each took a separate part of the city by storm.

The T. Gosney Thornton Band rolled into the *Backway Inn* for a rousing two-night stand. The last time Thornton was here he played uninspired cover tunes to bored swinging singles at Reed's Red Derby. This time, with a tight, sharp new band, T. mixed inspired cover songs (including Elvis Costello's "Mystery Dance") with inspired versions of his own songs.

The second night featured a surprise visit by Billy "Billy C." Callery — a singer, songwriter and record producer who's set to produce T. Gosney's first album. Thornton's debut LP effort has been a long time coming. He's one of the best songwriters in the country and if there's any justice in the world this record will be a smash.



T. Gosney

• 11 • It's Only Rock'N'Roll, March 1981

country disco. It's got about an acre of dance floor, a tier of raised seats for listeners, an MC to introduce the acts and imaginative bookings. If the club patrons in this city are as imaginative, the Cotton Eyed Joe will be a success.

★ ★ ★

Ray Wylie Hubbard is some kind of masochist. By my count he's died at least three slow deaths in Alamo Town and there may be a couple of quick ones I've overlooked. However, his latest outing here, at the Cotton Eyed Joe was an overwhelming success.

Permit me to digress for a moment and hand out a couple of compliments to the owners and management at the *Cotton Eyed Joe*, a big, new place on West Ave. When this place opened I thought it was another in the long line of Urban Cowboy Bandwagon Jumpers. But, it appears to be more kin to the Golden Stallion and the Farmer's Daughter than a



Ray Wylie

Joe Ely and his band are musical trailblazers of sorts. Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys bridged the gap between country and jazz, The Flying Burrito Brothers and Poco did the same with country and rock. Joe Ely and the boys are somehow managing to corral country and New Wave fans in the same place at the same time.

History was made when two-steppers and pogoers met on Skipwilly's dance floor as Ely rocked the joint with West Texas Country Rock and Roll.

Both groups were rather surprised. The New Wavers had never been that close to so many cowboy hats. The country fans, who hadn't seen Joe Ely since their Texas Tech days, weren't aware of his bizarre crossover appeal. But, as they say in the Society Page, a good time was had by all.

★ ★ ★

A number of people have commented that I write too much about Frank Rodarte and Rudy Harst. Well, I'm gonna give you some more to comment about because these two have kinda teamed up. It makes me very happy and should work for the benefit of the S.A. music scene.

I believe Harst and Rodarte are two of the most complete musicians working around here. They're blessed with an abundance of talent both in their music and in their ability to take care of business.

At the moment Harst is attempting to avoid the bar circuit while running sound for Frank and the Dell-Kings and doing his thing on the breaks. This may well be the partnership to bring Chicano and Gabacho music and music fans together.

Check out this unlikely brotherhood every Thursday at the *Bier Haus*, a jumping new joint on Fredericksburg Rd., just north of Cool Crest.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of the *Bier Haus* — it's the latest place to feature the best in local music. Claude Morgan and the Blast, Lorena and Mozambique, the Revival Brothers, The No. 2 Dinners and the Dell-Kings are all booked for the near future. No cover charge and a million kinds of beer and what more can you ask for?

★ ★ ★

Kevin Kosub, The Rat Race Kid, is a singer and songwriter from Corpus Christi. He's also a record collector and a character. The Kid rolled into the Pig Farm on a peaceful Washington's Birthday with a leisure suit, a briefcase full of records and a crazed saxophone player.

As Kevin Kosub he was graduated from Alamo Heights High School after being kicked out of Central Catholic. "I'm a White Kid and I was a bad influence on the Chicano Kids at Central."

As the Rat Race Kid: "I am a reflection of this whole society — the good and the bad things. Everything in my songs are just reflections of the system."

And his songs? The Kid calls 'em political rock and roll and they bear titles like "Rat Race", "You're Being Hijacked", "Gimme Power" and "Riding On The President's Plane."



The 'Kid'

Kosub currently has two singles out. "Rat Race"/"You're Being Hijacked" on Augie Meyer's Texas Record Label and "Big Boss Man"/"Highway 61 Revisited" on his own Kevin Kat label (Kevin Kat Records, P.O. Box 7258, Corpus Christi, Tex. 78415). (See reviews elsewhere in this issue.)

"Putting out plastic is my first love. I'll sell my records anywhere. I push my records to people at Whopper Burgers. I spread the word any way I can."

The Rat Race Kid is Heart's kind of artist and there will be more about him here as the political rock'n'roll juggernaut gains The Power.

★ ★ ★

If ever two bands were related S.A.'s Buckboard Boogie Boys and Oklahoma's Okiextremist Moondog were. I believe they never met head on, but it would have been a wonder to behold two groups of maniacs mano a mano.

The Buckboard Boogie Boys are long gone, but Okiextremist Moondog lives on. Moondog is a hard band to describe because it has so many facets and is probably closer to a philosophy and a lifestyle than a mere band. Moondog music is an amalgamation of every conceivable style and a couple of inconceivable ones.

Okiextremist Moondog has a new album out, their second totally independent LP effort. "Creatures of the Mind" is boogie/blues/rockandroll/country/love songs/hate songs/social commentary/abject weirdness/total honesty. This album has something for everybody and something for nobody. If you would like to join a totally small and interesting S.A. branch of the Okiextremist Moondog Cult write to 1401 N.W. 16, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73106.

Moondog members Terry Gill (banjo, bass, vocals) and Bob Moore (bass, guitar, vocals, huckster) were recently in town for some kind of college talent bookers convention which IORNR was not influential enough to gain access to.

Attention Trinity University talent bookers. Book this one.

★ ★ ★

Claude Morgan and the Blast and Good Time Charlie's put on a massive party for the sake of audio and video posterity last month. Morgan can keep up with anyone in the huckster department. He's a true son of P.T. Barnum and Heart is on his trail. If we can keep up look for a definitive Claude Morgan and the Blast story soon. If Heart can't keep up Claude will probably come to your house and tell you himself.—RNR



Joe Ely



The Sir Douglas Quintet/The Best Of (Takoma) — It's really hard to find The Quintet's records unless you stumble across some 89 centers at a Woolco or K-Mart or get 'em at your favorite record collector spot. That's why I'm glad that Doug Sahm's new record label decided to release this hits package. "Mendocino", "She's About a Mover", "At The Crossroads", "Texas Me" — they're all here. With the exception of "Rain Rain" I can't think of too many cuts that I miss — at least until they put out volume 2. **RY

The Sir Douglas Quintet/Border Wave (Takoma) — This is The Quintet's newest version. The three original members (Doug Sahm, Augie Meyers, and drummer Johnny Perez) are joined by Alvin Crow (of Pleasant Valley Boys fame) and bassist Speedy Sparks, as well as Doug's son Shawn on additional guitar.

In the past few years Joe "King" Carrasco has attempted to re-vitalize and update the original SDQ sound by fashioning their sound around the Quintet's rolling Chicano rhythms, pumping Vox organ and it's blues guitar breaks. Now the originals have returned to the scene and don't think for a minute that they're some old hippies trying to grab onto the coattails of the Nuevo Waver Carrasco. They're just doing what they've always done. The Sir Douglas Quintet is back — again!

This new record was produced by noted producer Craig Leon (Blondie, Ramones, Moon Martin) and co-produced by Cassell Webb. While the LP has a faster pace to it to appeal to the New Wavers it fails to really create the feel that Huey P. Meaux (the old SDQ producer) could have come up with. There is an abundance of talent here that is wasted. With someone who's as good a fiddler and singer as Alvin Crow is, why relegate him to just guitar? Also, with a fine female vocalist like Cassell (formerly singer with the Kitchen Band and the legendary Texas band The Children) why not use her on this platter?

As for the songs themselves, the best is a new rocker called "Down On The Border" which sounds like a cross between "Runaway"

"way" by Del Shannon and earlier grittier SDQ stuff. Doug's cover of the great Thirteenth Floor Elevators' song "You're Gonna Miss Me" doesn't contain the edge of insanity nor the primal screams that Roky Erikson injected into that classic. The Kinks cover is more interesting due to the organ frills that Augie adds. As far as the rest of it goes it's merely okay. But it is good to have these guys back working together. It's not too often that someone this great makes it from S.A. **RY

Blues Deluxe (XRT-Alligator Records)

— Ya' say ya' wan a blues sampler with all the lean meat, black beans, cornbread and a big iced tea. Well this is it, man. This was recorded live at last year's Chicago Bluesfest and the record retains all the juices. The performances from Lonnie Brooks who fuses the hot soul of the Louisiana bayou with the raw power of Chicago blues, Son Seals who plays screaming guitar like he was born to play the blues as well as take it in new directions, Mighty Joe Young whose guitar playing has sparked records by too many blues greats to mention, Koko Taylor the Queen of Chicago blues who's famous for her hell-raising shows, Willie Dixon the most important and prolific songwriter in the history of the blues ("Little Red Rooster", "Spoonful", "Seventh Son", "Back Door Man" to name a few), and Muddy Waters who is the sound of classic Chicago blues — are all ripe and randy. Pick one up with a six pack of Schlitz and party down. **RY

Rocket 88 (Atlantic) — This album is a labor of love and is perhaps the best sounding live recording in recent years. It's a celebration of boogie woogie music. The band is made up from a pool of some of England's finest players including among others — Jack Bruce, Charlie Watts, Ian Stewart (who produced the LP), Hal "Cornbread" Singer and Alexis Korner. It's only an occasional band due to the fact that nearly everyone involved is permanently in another group. But 88 has the best horn players in Europe, a powerful rhythm section, and the only boogie woogie piano team in the world. The album is largely instrumental with occasional vocals by Korner and Bruce. Say no more. **RY

The Blues Brothers/Made In America (Atlantic)

— After the triple platinum *Briefcase Full of Blues* and last year's soundtrack from *The Blues Bros.* Movie Joliet Jake and Elwood Blues return to the scene of the crime only to show me that they're better than ripoff artists and lame blues fans. They've still got that killer band backing them and with their help deliver a better live album than their first. The album contains several blues and R&B classics as well as a pretty funny monologue about why we should be proud Americans by Dan Aykroyd, aka Elwood Blues. Despite how you feel about The Blues Bros. schtick this is a good record with the best cuts being: an ear-singeing version of "Green Onions"; a cover of Randy Newman's "Guilty" sung by Belushi in his best Joe Cocker style, a hilarious take of "The Perry Mason Theme" that segues into an excellent performance of "Riot In Cell Block Number Nine", and a swinging rendition of "I Ain't Got You". **RY

Dexys Midnight Runners/Searching For The Young Soul Rebels (EMI) — The Clash visits Motown. Hamlet appears as James Brown. Best white horn arrangements since Van Morrison. These young men searched their souls for answers to their questions and discovered the answers in a saxophone. **RY

Colin Winski Takoma/Shakin' Stevens (Epic)

— America mass-produces its culture, revels in it, but is quick to spit it out and forget about it. This holds true concerning the many facets of rock'n'roll, especially rockabilly. Even so, there are still a few talented artists who claim rockabilly as their roots. Among those, two worthwhile boppers are Rollin' Colin Winski (formerly of (first-generation rocker Ray Campi and his Rockabilly Rebels) and England's Shakin' Stevens. They are both steady contenders for Robert Gordon's throne of '50s coolness.

Colin's music is wild no-holds-barred rock'n'roll. He sounds like he's been locked up for a month. His music is full of energy and enthusiasm but his songs need more variety and style. He's certainly sincere, although, he might be too wild for some.

In contrast, Shakin' Stevens' music is simpler and accentuates the beat more. It's not as crowded as Winski's and is generally more accessible, although Winski's is probably more authentic. In spite of their differences both are worthy for '50s enthusiasts. **Clyde Kimsey

Phil Seymour (Boardwalk) — Well, here we are again; vetran powerpopper Phil Seymour once again tries to win over the rock pop audience thereby gaining access to Top-40 heaven.

For those of you who came in late, Phil was half of the Dwight Twilley band who after two LPs decided to let Twilley go after a solo career while he formed the short-lived 20/20 band. Phil has gone through several bands before finally sticking with this one. Will this be the album to bring him to the listener's stubborn ears? On songs like "Precious To Me" and "Love You So Much" he plays the romantic with a gentle toughness (watch out Tom Petty!) that should gain attention from listeners if he gets enough exposure. This LP is more melodic and easier to listen to than his 20/20 record but it isn't as strong or catchy as his more simplistic songs from his Dwight Twilley days. (B+) **Clyde Kimsey

Kenny Wayne and his very special guests (The Bugs Henderson Group and other people too numerous to mention but equally as talented)/Borned With The Blues & Raised on Rock'n'Roll (Amazing Records) — Kenny Wayne's from Redwater, Texas. If that's not enough to buy this record it's got a few other things going for it. Wayne and his heavyweight musical guests kick out the proverbial jams for some rough and rugged, down and dirty Rhythm and Blues and Rock and Roll.

This ain't a record to ponder the merits of. This is a hunk of vinyl to slap on the turntable and move to. It's foot movin', booty shakin', shout along with Texas rock and roll blues. You ain't movin' yet? **Jim Beal

Rush/Moving Pictures (Mercury) — This will probably disappoint those of you who were hoping for a recapitulation of 2112. Rush is no longer a heavy metal band; they have grown up and moved away from that.

Moving Pictures is Rush's best LP to date. The reggae experiments of "Vital Signs" or the electronics of "Witch Hunt" are unlike anything they've done in the past.

Moving Pictures is a concept LP, dealing with societal change, and it's co-efficient, friction, which inevitably results between individual and society. Rush takes on such subjects as the Moral Majority, cultural dehumanization, and the inconsistencies of life, adroitly and literately. Before long, even their critics are going to have to respect them — even if they can't understand them. **David Arthur

U2/Boy (Island) — Emerging out of Ireland, U2's first LP is different, diverse, and diffusive. Blending pop "hooks" with experimental sound and hard rock with a driving edge, they come up with a unique synthesis that must be heard to be believed. Since the band is young, a lot more can be expected. Still, expectations are rarely lived up to. The next big thing. **David Arthur

Manfred Mann's Earth Band/Chance (Warner Bros.) — After a two year silence they bounce back strong. *Chance* is an attractive LP, with well-realized pop sensibilities nicely balanced by experimental themes within the music. The resultant collage-like effect is very appealing, especially on their cover of Springsteen's "For You". This is what pop progressive should sound like. **David Arthur



George Thorogood and the Destroyers/More George Thorogood and the Destroyers (Rounder) — No surprises here, but if more George Thorogood and the Destroyers isn't enough for you, you don't deserve to have this record. **Jim Beal

SVT/EP (415) — Not bad. Ex-Hot Tuna and Jefferson Airplane bassist Jack Cassidy leads this high energy band and they perform some excellent instrumental work. The songwriting is weak — a few more chords would be nice — but, hey, who am I to complain? This group has mucho potential if they'd only use it. **David Arthur



Robert Palmer/Clues (Island) —

Palmer again weaves his own funky blend of calypso-rock, basically continuing in the direction taken on his last LP *Secrets*, but with extra "New Wave" influences. Palmer adds his personal touch to Gary Numan's "I Dream of Wires", and well complements Numan's guest appearance. The two co-wrote "Found You Now"; each performer seems to bring out the best in the other. Of special notice is the excellent drumming of Dony (The Romeos) Wynn. All in all, it's an enjoyable album. **- Wendy Carson

The Wild Tchopitoulas (Antilles) —

Here's something to add to your reggae collection even though it's not reggae. If you've ever been to New Orleans during Mardi Gras you've probably seen The Wild Tchopitoulas parading, chanting and singing. If you're a Meters or Professor Longhair fan then this is for you! If a wild Black-Indian-Cajun group is your cup of gumbo then for about eight bucks you can have Mardi Gras in your living room this year and beat the crowds. **RY

Don McLean/Chain Lightning

(Millenium) — Don's been out of the lime light for some time now but he's back in fine form. Known mainly for a writer ("Vincent", "American Pie" and "And I Love You So") Don's also got a beautiful voice and is a great singer. On his new LP he tackles some pop standards like Roy Orbison's "Crying", Hank Williams' "Your Cheating Heart", and Buddy Holly's "It Doesn't Matter Anymore" making each brand new version his own. His self-penned title cut is also a stand-out. **RY

Joy Division/Closer (Factory) —

Hautiously impressive, this special second LP is superb. Songs like "Eternal" and "Atrocity Exhibit" are sensual in their appeal — the band evokes images of pacific calm and beauty, only to swiftly shatter them with images of death and disillusionment.

I really can't say enough about this LP — so buy it, and spare me the verbiage. (10)**David Arthur

Jorma Kaukonen/Barbeque King (RCA) —

Ever wonder what happened to Jorma after the demise of Hot Tuna? Well, his old pal Cassidy's in a punk-inspired Frisco band named SVT and Jorma's got a new group himself. Vital Parts is their name and they're as tight as Hot Tuna used to be. It's sort of a new wave Hot Tuna with more emphasis on rock'n'roll than blues. Jorma still does the singing in that distinctive reedy and haunting voice of his. His guitar chops are still in working order and the LP itself is a bit of welcome fresh air in the tired lungs of rock'n'roll. **RY

Rick Nelson/Playing To Win (Capitol) —

It's been since '72's *Garden Party* that Rick has had a real shot at the charts but if his new album fails it's only because his two generations of fans are too busy at their 9 to 5's to shake their asses anymore. His newest is fine rock'n'roll and none of the country rock he was known for in the seventies. Rick covers some of the best contemporary rock writers songs like John Hiatt's "It Hasn't Happened Yet", Graham Parker's "Back To Schooldays" and John Fogerty's "Almost Saturday Night". He also does a re-make of his old hit penned for him by Johnny and Dorsey Burnette "Believe What You Say". His own writing ain't bad either. And his honey-smooth voice is as soothing as it ever was. This ain't no re-tread rocker, he's back to fighting weight and is ready to try again for that middle-weight rock'n'roll crown. **RY

The Rat Race Kid/"Rat Race" b/w "You're Being Hijacked" (Texas Record)

"Big Boss Man" b/w "Highway 61 Revisited" (Kevin Kat Records)

— Basic South Texas rock and roll with the Rat Race Kid on vocals and a band including Southside Danny Cowans on lead guitar, Augie Meyers on rhythm guitar and Clay Meyers on drums. The Rat Race Kid pumps out his political rock and roll and remakes classics with the fervor only a true lover of the music can muster.

The Kid sounds like a mixture of Doug Sahm, Joe "King" Carrasco and Roky Erikson. If you like any of the above you'll like this one. High energy and the truth meet on vinyl so

you can dance and learn something at the same time. **Jim E. Beal Jr.

The Inmates/Shot In The Dark

(Polydor) — They sound like early Stones at one point, Creedence another, and even The Animals. They work with rock'n'roll's basic ingredients and never deny their roots or care who they might sound like. They do a fine reading of Music Machine's classic "Talk Talk" that puts Alice Cooper's to shame and rivals their hit version of last year's Standell's chestnut "Dirty Water". Recommended. **RY



Tom Robinson/Sector 27 (IRS) —

Political animal that he is TR finally puts together another band and finds a new label. Although he's never reached the heights of success that many thought was his due he's always been a good writer and an interesting rock'n'roller. This new LP features some driving rockers, well-crafted melodies and some lop-sided guitar. Fave cuts: "Can't Keep Away", "Total Recall" and "Take Or Leave It". **RY

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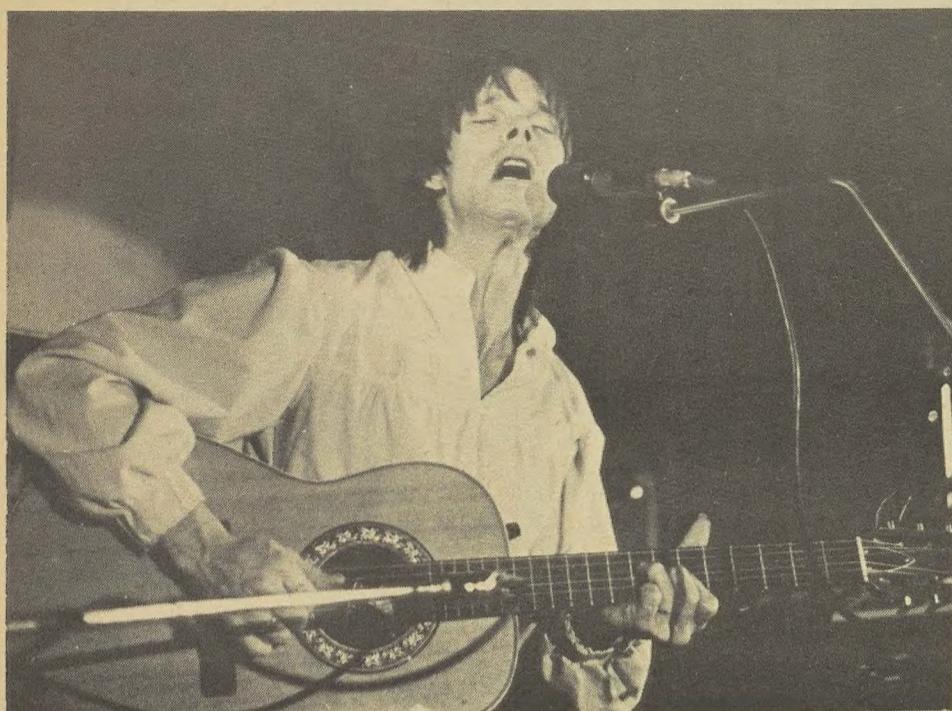
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IN CONCERT



His long hair is gone but his art is intact.

Shawn Phillips/Skipwillys February 5/by Clyde Kimsey

Shawn Phillips hadn't played in town for quite some time and his music hadn't been heard on the radio very much either. In fact, most of his fans hadn't heard much of his music since *Bright White*. So the question was "did he still have it?"

Except for those unfortunate ticket-holders for the "second" show, the answer is a resounding "yes". Skipwillys hadn't had a crowd as big since Christopher "Grammy" Cross performed there a year ago.

Besides Phillips, there was a drummer and a synthesizer player to accompany him. For his unique brand of music the crowd was quiet and attentive for his nearly two-hour show. The magic was still there as he began with the ballads from his first three albums and gradually built up reserved energy to perform the music from his last few records as well as his latest *Cosmic Debris* (on his own small label).

It was his first five albums that the audience was most familiar with (thanks to the now defunct KEXL) but they were also enthralled with his later jazz fusion-influenced work. His music reveals only slight outside influences because it is almost entirely self-inspired. Phillips plays music that is harder to put a label on than anyone else. And it's a shame that a man who is still creating and giving a part of himself to his audience is no longer on a major label; but then the record companies as well as the buying public seems to thrive on bland, predictable music these days. (Just remember who won 5 Grammies this year.)

Sadly though, in spite of his enjoyable show, he failed to put on a second. He cheated many ticket-holders despite the fact that they got their money refunded.—RNR

Canned Heat/Skipwillys February 11/by Ron Young



Heat on a long winter night.

"Hey, babe, ya' wanna boogie, boogie woogie woogie with me?" Bob "The Bear" Hite and Canned Heat. How long has it been since you really got down to some serious boogie, gang? Well, the Heat is still around despite the untimely death of Blind Owl Al Wilson a decade ago. And just like their "Fried Hockey Boogie" they'll probably go on forever.

It was a cold damp night at Skipwillys and the sparse crowd was made up mainly of balding aging hippies and their ol' ladies. "The Bear" looked even bigger than I remembered him. Henry Vestine was still on rock-steady rhythm guitar and left-handed drummer Fito de la Parra remained the veteran at his post. But the rest of the band were new and younger faces. Despite that the show was not



Devil with the blue pants on!

Mitch Ryder/Clubfoot February 19/by Ron Young

Two years ago Mitch Ryder released his first album in seven years. The former Detroit Wheel had changed his style from greasy white R&B to a multiplicity of styles—from Ramones-ish slash-rock to breezy jazz vocals. He was also no longer singing about taking Jenny for a ride, but about homosexual interludes. Still, I found his voice contained even more emotion than ever as well as a deeper knowledge and assurance.

I'd never been able to catch Mitch's performances because he just never got down this way but I'd liked his last two albums *How I Spent My Vacation* and *Naked But Not Dead* (released on a small label called Seeds & Stems) and I wanted to see this 35-year-old survivor. Despite having no major label to record for, no PR and no new wave following I admired Ryder for keeping his new band together and trying for a comeback.

Mitch had always chosen perfect songs to cover and he opened with a

a rip-off. The Heat played material from their recent Takoma album, which is as you'd expect more boogie and blues, plus their hits "Amphetamine Annie", "On The Road Again" and "Goin' Up The Country" (both fine renditions, but lacking that special ingredient that was Al Wilson's high-pitched black cat moan of a voice, not to mention his expert harp playing), and "Work Together". All the songs were performed more than just adequately, the band worked hard to please the loyal fans who'd come out on a cold night. It was good to see that after so many years of performing that the Heat was still doing the timeless boogie.—RNR

Styx/Convention Center Arena February 7/by David Willis

Paradise theater? What a joke. The preconcert commercials billed Styx's paradise as a theater within a theater and strongly stated that the "event" was to begin "precisely at 8:00 p.m." Actually, it didn't start until well after 8:00. This was not the beginning of their downfall. Styx got publicity beyond control. Granted, no group has "sold out" the Arena in quite sometime, but had the advertising campaign not dwelled on this fact, my expectations would have never gotten above six on a ten scale.

version of Lou Reed's "Rock and Roll". "Tough Kid," a breakneck boogie drill guaranteed to knock 'em dead had the half-filled house on its feet. Veins popped in Ryder's sinewy neck muscles. Suddenly he unleashed that primal scream that only Jim Morrison and John Lennon had tapped and it sent a shock wave through the audience. Mitch danced and jiggled around the stage, while his band played tighter than his jeans fit. "Ain't Nobody White," a self-mocking parody of white kids singing R&B, followed before he broke into his old chestnut "C.C. Ryder"/"Jenny Jenny". His band drove on like a freight train with no brakes. "Dance Ourselves to Death" kept the joint rocking. He capped the evening with "Devil With the Blue Dress On"/"Good Golly Miss Molly" and the dance floor was flooded. He came back to sing an encore of The Doors' "Soul Kitchen" that Morrison would've admired. I siphoned off some of Mitch's energy and drove back to S.A. — RNR



Styx — Paradise Lost.

Styx took too much for granted and tried to impress the audience with props, explosions, bright lights, fog, and (God forbid!) a movie with credits down to the last roadie.

It wouldn't be total justice unless I commented on the dullness of the show. The band went through the motions as best they knew how, but lacked the energy to create excitement; consequently, the most exciting "event" happening around me was watching an usher, fight, dive, and beg for guitar picks.—RNR

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